

range your neck (or even unsatisfied). Do please. I can't
bear the matter of meritious from any more — so this — such
Ground & water. It's not a good for the matter — only for pink babies
like dear old Hugh. That reminds me: I've not answered him,
at Jack; nor Ethel — Oh my God! I should think I
had had 6 years yesterday crossed, underlined, red penilled,
stamped, since you made your famous remark about my being
faint. I'm pining at my wit's end. Happily at very cheap, her
notebook, & I really believe she gets a kind of mild
continuous orgasm from this flux. And that reminds me,
who is Mrs. Ralph Ivens, or Dorothy Easton, of Sevenoaks —
who has sent me a story rather, indeed, very good,
to whom Jack & I West have been "so kind" — who is the —
why does she write me a dwelling letter about her small
boy & her motor car — & I think call me Virginia. The
wonders of authors will never cease: I've had such a bucket of
tellen lately, one from a Jordonite who has discovered
his per perversion all owing to that bad book the Waves —
therefore says I must find him a job or he will cut
his throat on my doorstep. Well, I think, delightful as
this letter is, I must go & put my pie in the oven; then we
have ice cream to follow — you know we have —
frigid air — with fresh washermen. Then we turn on
the loud speaker — Back to night — then I watch my baby
out, leaning to fly on the church tower — then I
Low Kilbracken — what a jewel book — then I
think what about bed — on which note, as I
charitely hush it. I end. But when are you
coming? Sighs pending. So do be beforehand
Y.

Sept. 9. 1932

Frank Moore

Friday

I meant to ask - & forgot - if you
would lend me the photo which
I gave you (or myself) because that Dr. ^{HOLT} ^{BY} wants one for her book in a
hurry, & this might do. They'd
return it. Could you bring it -
but doubtless now, ^{with} your ^{the} attachment,
it's down the coal hole. Oh well.
Never mind come on

Monday &

all shall

be
forgot

&
forgone.

~~Love story or history~~

I don't suppose there'll
be time to look in

V.

Oct 13. 1932

32 T.S.

Wednesday

I've just bought the 6,000th
copy of Family History - good
word before publication - my job!
And my fingers are red &
whealed with doing up parcels
for 3 days incessantly. Miss
Belcher ill - orders pouring in -
we all working till 7.30 - thought
we were just finished - then a last batch of
orders discovered hidden in a drawer
another hour's work -
Clerks panting - telephones ringing
carriers arriving - parcels
just finished in time
to catch - Oh Lord what
a ~~big~~ big ~~for~~ for van.

is to publish a best seller -
when shall I be able to hold a
pen again? But it, been
great fun - & a very good
experience for not going to Arlington
Street today. to ~~Springfield~~
NYPL But

Yes, I'll come -
when will you come here -
all covered with gold as you
are? You must sign my

6 thousandth copy - 20
which I can't wait & a red
forefinger, & a cut, too, from
tearing open cardboard with
a knife - No good night - I'll

write later V.
What fun shall it be now - selling
6,000 -

Oct 18. 1932

Typed

52 Tavistock Sq.

Monday 8th

My Dearest Creature - That was very nice of you.
Pinks & I sat next, whispering, as our praises
poured forth from the trumpet. I think you
saw me too much - I hope the three you
suffered weren't listening too. But anyhow,
you looked my vanity - there are people who
say I'm vain - did you know it! - like
cream poured into the sore nose of a
feverish - I shall say Cat - having just had
tea with two cats. (Nina brought up the
Charles's cat; as we drank tea it split into two -
one of those miracles that do happen in people's
studios) Anyhow you said what I most wanted -
not that I'm an enchanting fellow, but that my
standard is high. I was being called
enchanting. Did you see Priestley or Hand for me?
I thought if I were a cat I should not split so
much into two as into one gluborous stream of
unadulterated disgust. You would have
been still wiser if you had told me you were in

London, & come here. I prefer you, bodily, to you
vocally.

Oh I was in such a rage of realising the other
night, thinking you had been in love with
Hilda that summer you went to the Alps
together! Because you said you weren't.
Now were you? Did you do the act
under the Dolomites? Why I should mind
this, when it's all over - that too - I don't know.
But I do. I've remember learning to confession,
or rather justification, in my lodge? And
you weren't guilty then were you? You were you weren't.
Anyhow my Elizabeth comes to see me, alone,
tomorrow. I rather think, as I told you, (that's an
elegant) what
that her emotions swing in a certain way. What
I'm reading her novel to find out.
So interesting is when one unloves an
impression that the person themselves. I should
say honestly, doesn't suspect. And it's a
lost of duty, don't you think - revealing
people's true selves to themselves? I don't like
them sleeping prisoners. Talking of the upper class,
I went to Mr David. Rachel wedding. To a lady
dancing with Desmond was entirely worth
5/6 white gloves. And Molly with Dr. Salterbury:
So when are you coming to see me!
V.

Nov. 8. 1932

52 I.S.

well, my faithful sheep dog, - for you'll be turned into a very
old collie if you don't look out. Blind your eye, & afflicted with
 mange on the rump - why don't you come & see me?
Poor Virginia can't come to you. She - that is, I suppose. I -
heard another, very slight though, fainting; & she rendered
braght her misanthropic Professor's code. I say the systolic
action of my heart - what used to be called my intermittent
pulse - is too wild; & that's why I faint; & I must be
fractured, & drink digitalis, & there's nothing whatever wrong
with my heart. And I must sit in a hot room
like a hydra. So I doubt if I can come to sit at the
moment - not that it's a very hot room - the bedroom
might be though - In what reason I ask again? (I'm in
such a rush) when could you come & see me? I'm
divinely happy. Because I wrote all the morning - Oh,
how you'll hate my new novel, & how it amuses me! -
& then I go for a walk, & drive. & then I come back to tea,
carrying one muffin which I eat, with honey, & then
I lie on the sofa, & - who I guess should come &
talked to me & other night? Three guesses. All
wrong. It was Violet Trefusis - your Violet. Lord
what fun! I just see now why you were so
enamoured - then: she's a little too fish, now, overblown
rather; but what Schubert! What a voice - lispings,

fathering, what warmth, suppleness, & in the way - its not
mine - I'm a good deal more refined - but that not
altogether an advantage - how lovely, like a squirrel among
beech leaves - a red squirrel among brown nuts - we
planned & worked through the leaves, & called each
other punctiliously Mr. Trespasser & Mrs. Wood - & she
asked me to give her the common R. which I did, -
said smiling. By the way, are you an Honourable, too?
No, no, she smiles, taking my point, you, to wit.
And she's wakened I ask me to go & stay with her in
France, & says how much she enjoyed meeting me: & Leonard:
& we positively must come for a whole week soon.
Also Mrs. Kippel loves me, & is giving a dinner
partly solely for me in January. How I enjoyed
myself! To be loved by Mrs. Kippel, who loved, it is

said - quite a different pair of shoes.
well, what I was going to say, but have no time, is that I don't
altogether agree with you (in the words) about Laurence.
No, I think you exaggerate - serious, I admit: but not just rats
serious. No. And such a cad to old men. My word, what a
cheap little rascal he was, taking her money, books, food,
lodging, & then writing that book. And the other night they
broadcast a poem, written unknown: & I listened in:
we said who's that? Some modern, just 2nd rate, but
trying to be first rate - pretentious - not serious. Behold,
Laurence again, so they say. I admit the serious, in fact
Loren: but that the fact & pennance get all (I'm not
undignified) the rest is all a dilution, a flood, a
mix up of inspiration, & prophecy - which I loathe. Oh
for a serious, but not just rats. So there.
And come see me V.